

The Outcast

by Girl of Twilight Wings

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Summary: Sarah is an Outcast, has been one all her life, but when she is responsible for Hiccup and most of the gang being captured, things start to change for her. Odd memories that she knows don't belong to her surface, and then a she finds a new species of dragon in the woods. Odd thing is, it knows her. Will she find the truth, or has she let Alvin win? (T because I'm paranoid)

1. Meet Sarah

Chapter 1

****Hello! For all of you readers that think this is the sequel to the land of night, sorry to say that you're wrong. This is a completely different story, but it still has an OC in it. ****

****I see no reason to add a disclaimer, it's just a waste of time.****

On the shores of outcast Island stood a girl. She was about fourteen years old, and tough. She had black hair with muddy brown streaks, blue eyes, and tan skin.

She was a bit scrawny, and dressed in black and a sunset orange, her favorite colors. She was looking out through a telescope, waiting for what her parents said was coming.

Then she saw it. A group of five shapes soaring through the air, approaching the island in what they thought was a stealthy way, up in the clouds.

Truth be told, it was good, so Sarah gave them that point. The only problem was, everyone knew they were coming. She gave the signal. The signal was to drop a bag of rocks onto the ground, preferably hitting someone.

There was a yelp as that 'preferably' expectation of her was met. She continued to look through the telescope.

The night fury was in the front center, and its rider, a brown haired skinny dragon trainer, was on its back. How the outcasts needed to learn to fly dragons. That was why when Alvin took control back, it had become their first priority.

She had some ideas of her own, like, be NICE to the animals instead of beating them and locking them up, but her opinion didn't matter, she was a lowly scout.

She watched as he exchanged a few words with his oh-so-great girlfriend and then as his girlfriend swatted away that annoying-looking muscle dude on the monstrous nightmare. The kids on the zippieback kept fighting eachother.

It seemed like the boy on the night fury was angry at them, good. It would ruin his focus when the trap was sprung.

He was in range and he and his Night Fury were still distracted. She dropped a torch this time, and the man below caught it.

Sarah sprung into action. She leapt off the post and down to the ground, already running when the shot was fired. It struck its target straight on, and the dragon and boy screamed as they plummeted. More shots were fired, and soon all but one, the girlfriend, had been hit.

Sarah charged into the clearing as Hiccup gave Astrid the order to go back to Berk for help. The one named Astrid fled, ever so reluctantly.

The retrieval team got there and dragged away the screaming boy and yelling dragon, and Sarah just turned and walked away, job done.

She looked around for a moment, finding and pointing out the location of every fallen dragon and rider, staying out of sight, of course.

She followed, still out of sight, and caught up to the group with Hiccup. Staying out of sight, still, she followed them. Then they split up, Toothless going one way while Hiccup was dragged another, still shouting and struggling.

She followed Hiccup to his jail cell, and watched from the shadows as he was thrown inside. The door slammed and he threw himself against the bars, trying to pry them open.

She stayed on guard duty, as was her job, and watched. He stopped struggling, and paced in his cell. She stared in a strange amusement as he tried to dig his way out with a rock. When that failed, he simply sat down against the wall and waited.

She stared, watchful, as he took his metal leg off. She had been informed of this trick. He would call to be released, and then hit the guard with the leg. It had worked once, who was to say he wouldn't do it again?

She decided to stop that from happening. He was about to try

something when she sent a pebble flying into the leg. The impact actually hit his hand, and he hissed in pain, dropping the fake leg.

Sarah almost felt bad for him. He was a runt, but a brainy one at that. Without a gadget or a book or a dragon, he was pretty much just as weak as a baby kitten.

Then, add in almost. She knew he was a threat, and helping could cost her life. It was better him in that cage than her.

He was looking around for where the rock had come from, but the girl in black unmoving in the shadows at night remained unseen.

He eventually returned to his task, and Sarah threw a rock at him. Unfortunately, that was what he'd been waiting for. He stared right at her. And she stared back.

"I can see you, now you can come out, you know." He said.

She got out of the shadows. He looked surprised.

"What, not expecting another runt?" She asked, "Why else would I be a lowly scout?" She asked, trying to make him uneasy.

"A scout?" He asked.

"Yeah, the one that sprung the trap for you and your friends, so know that I'm no friend of yours, dragon rider." Sarah replied.

"Would you at least tell me your name?" He asked.

This caught her by surprise, and she forgot to hide it. He saw. "Why would you want to know, prisoner, and I don't answer your questions."

"Okay, antisocial." Hiccup sighed, and leaned against the wall. He looked away, and she merged with the shadows again.

"Okay, would you stop it, that's creeping me out!" Hiccup said to the darkness. She tossed a handful of gravel into the torch, putting it out and said, "No. sleep tight, dragon boy."

She could see fine in the pitch blackness, but he couldn't, and he was nervous. She didn't blame him. He was quiet, as if hoping to be unseen, and then rolled onto his side, trying to sleep.

But Sarah had been told to try and make him sleep deprived and unfocused in case of an escape attempt, so she reached into his cell, silently retrieved a rock, and threw it.

It smacked into the back of his head and he yelped, sitting up and rubbing at the spot on his head where it had hit.

He shielded his head, groaned, and tried to sleep. She chucked another rock, which hit him in the arm, drawing blood. He groaned and got up.

Sarah didn't like this anymore, but knew a job was a job. She cackled and let it echo for a bit.

He was cold, she realized, and that was good for Alvin's plan. She picked up a bucket of icy water and tossed it onto his cold form. He yelped and stood up with a shout of, "What was that for?"

He got no reply. Sarah felt the situation was comical somehow and fought back a snigger.

This continued until her shift was over at midnight and she got some sleep. She wondered, though, if she was just a lowly scout, why did Alvin trust her with such an important task?

2. Stirrings

Chapter 2

****I hope you like this story, and if you do or don't, I like reviews! Flames are fine as long as you say what you're flaming about! Don't worry, this isn't one of those capture and torture only fics that some people write. I believe in a balance of freedom and captivity.****

****Enjoy the story!****

In the morning, Hiccup hadn't slept a wink. His guards had made sure of that. He was shivering and soaked. Apparently that was supposed to be a preview.

Alvin walked in. "Hello, Hiccup. Sleep well?"

Hiccup sarcastically snorted to himself.

"Sleep deprivation? You're that desperate, Alvin? Is this your last resort?" Hiccup asked, keeping a straight face.

"No, that was just a preview. Now, you're going to train my dragons or freezing nights and sleep deprivation will be the least of your concerns." Alvin growled. One of the guards opened the cell and dragged him out, putting him in manacles.

Sarah watched from the shadows, wanting to see what happened. She wanted to do something, and this seemed to be all there was to do.

She could go train to fight dragons, seeing as every time she tried to kill one she got a migraine. The healers said she's cursed. That's another reason she was low on the hierarchy.

The hierarchy, Alvin on top, below him was Savage. Then below him were the senior warriors, and then the dragon hunters, dragon fighters, dragon tamers(torturers), dragon feeders, Scouts and spies, soldiers, captive dragons, prisoners, and a temporary bottom, the dragon training slave.

Sarah stopped at the arena, wondering why she had chosen to follow them. She hid in the shadows, as it was her place to do. No one wanted to look upon the face of a simple lurker.

She could have done something else. She could have gone and worked in

the forge, she could have drawn the picture of that dragon that kept popping up in her mind again, and she could have practiced with her bow, throwing knives, and sword. Instead, she followed to watch the slave work.

The slave was shoved into the arena. She watched intently. A strange sense of unexplainable revulsion hit her. She shoved it down. _What was _that_?_

Alvin told the slave what he wanted it to do, and then stepped back, and a monstrous nightmare leapt forwards, claw coming down and a wild arc, and the images in Sarah's mind froze there.

She could see in her mind's eye a symbol, a dragon's claw symbol. She felt her forehead, feeling like there was supposed to be a band with that mark there.

But that was absurd! She'd never seen that mark before in her life! Or had she? Her mind was a writhing mass of thoughts as she slipped off into the darkness, retreating into herself.

* * *

><p>Hiccup hadn't seen the girl's reaction to the dragon's claw. He'd been focused on escaping, and it's not like anyone knew she was there.<p>

Hiccup only saw Alvin getting distracted by something. Thinking quickly, he made a break for it, shooting past the guard and through the bars, and almost made it before Alvin caught the back of his neck. Hiccup swallowed nervously as he saw the terrifyingly furious gaze of Alvin hovering over his head. He didn't give a sign of what he'd felt though, just glared in sheer determination.

"Take him back to the dungeon and make sure he pays for that." Alvin growled, throwing Hiccup to the guards, who shoved him angrily back in the direction of his cell.

He heard the roars of the nightmare as it was dragged back into its cage.

The outcasts dragged him to a simple room, or what would have been a simple room at first glance. The shelves covered in sheepskin lining the wall, a fireplace off to one side.

But when you looked again, you could see all the cruel looking irons in the fireplace, and when the sheepskins were removed, the shelves were full of torture weapons.

One of the outcasts chained him to the wall.

Then they took out the irons.

* * *

><p>Sarah couldn't stop thinking about the symbol.<p>

She was now off in the Loki tree woods, and she'd drawn the symbol a hundred times over in a hundred different ways. She'd put it on a pendant, on a tapestry, on a helmet, on a shield, on a shoulder pad,

heck, even on a breastplate!

But nothing worked.

She'd drawn a loaf of bread with the symbol on it. she drew a bracelet, an ear ring, an anklet, a door, she'd drawn face with that mark as a scar in several different locations, she drew ripped clothing.

She was going insane!

Yet that symbol was so familiar, she couldn't stand it!

She drew it as a tattoo or a mark of claws on a tree. She drew it as several different species of dragons' claw marks.

The only one that seemed right was the Stormcutter.

A Stormcutter claw mark had set her off.

"It's just dÃ©jÃ vu. I probably saw it on one of the dragon cages or something."

She finally burned most of the drawings.

But the one she kept was the one of only the Stormcutter's claw.

It was so _familiar_!

Then something stirred in her mind.

Her memory burst into overdrive, and there was a woman in blue armor with horns riding a Stormcutter.

Then nothing.

Absolutely nothing.

Sarah wanted to scream.

But this woman was a dragon rider.

And there were four of them on Outcast Island.

Sarah moved off, intending to speak with the plump one.

Word had it that he was the keeper of knowledge back on Berk, or training to be one. Their elder filled that role.

* * *

><p>Fishlegs was terrified.<p>

He was in an outcast prison. Sure they hadn't killed him yet, but what would happen if they did? What if they tortured him to deathâ€¦!

"You're that dragon rider boy, right?"

Fishlegs yelped, startled, and looked around wildly. "Who's

there?"

"Someone of no consequence." Sarah said, using the long word just to get through to him. "You're the one who rides the gronkle, right?"

He nodded.

"Back on Berk, have you seen a dragon rider who rides a Stormcutter?"

"A Stormcutter?" He was curious. No lies were in his voice. "No, why?"

"If you tell anyone I was here or what I asked, my life could well be forfeited, as would be the lives of every other scout on Outcast Island." Sarah sighed and moved away.

He had no answers for her.

So maybe the slave would. It seemed intelligent enough, for a slave.

* * *

><p>After an hour of 'paying for his mistake', Hiccup was left alone on the floor, shaking. He had cried at first, and then whimpered, and finally stopped, just being a ball in the corner.<p>

The girl from the night before walked up, looking at him critically. "You tried to escape? Stupid move, slave boy. Alvin doesn't let his slaves run off that easy."

"What do you want?" He asked.

"To know if you've ever met a woman who rides a Stormcutter."

"Do you think I would tell you if I did?" Hiccup said.

"Yes. I can hurt you if you withhold information." Sarah spun a knife.

"Well I don't know one." He said softly, defeated.

"Good slave. Oh, and by the way, have you ever seen this symbol before?" Sarah held the symbol up to the bars.

He squinted, and shook his head. Sarah could see the lie. She grabbed him by the arm and yanked it from the cell, running her blade across his forearm, right over a burn mark.

Sarah watched the slave scream and recoil with little emotion. She had warned it. "You lied. Where have you seen this symbol before?"

"I don't know! Okay? I don't know! It just looks familiar is all!"

She knew it wasn't lying. She sheathed her knife. "Well this was a complete waste of time."

She spun on her heel and walked from the room. This was a dead end.

Hiccup was relieved she had left. He cradled his burnt and cut arm as he turned his sleeve into a bandage, continuing to try to be small in the corner.

But just as he drifted off, a bucket of icy water was dumped on him. Hiccup gave a cry and darted to the other side of the cage, soaking. He scowled at the guard, who had started obnoxiously laughing.

After a few more minutes, Hiccup almost fell asleep again.

The next bucket that hit him was boiling.

3. Memories

****Chapter 3****

****This chapter was not in the original story. I hope you enjoy it.****

****Sarah is having memories come back to her, but the big question is, what happened to her to lose them? ****

Sarah forced the woman riding a stormcutter and the claw mark symbol out of her mind. Today was a new day, and she decided to entertain herself by watching the slave train dragons.

She watched it emerge, lead by a leather leash. The collar suited it, she thought. On the other end, dragging him along, was Savage. He was second in command.

The slave looked horrible that day. She pounded down her pity.

This time the slave knew the consequences if it disobeyed Alvin.

The question was if it would face them anyways.

She perched in her usual shadowy hangout, watching.

The cage opened, and a silver nadder stepped out. She eyed the slave in front of her with disdain, and flicked her tail. Spikes shot at the slave.

It yelped and dodged, starting to run away again.

Sarah could practically hear the screams of agony it would emit for stalling this later.

The nadder flew at him, snarling.

And the next second, the slave had somehow managed to open the arena doors.

The nadder, seeing her chance, flew away.

The outcasts let it go and converged on the slave, who struggled and

kicked and fought as they dragged it away.

Sarah stood up and walked away.

It would pay for that little trick. That nadder was smart for giving up such an easy snack opportunity and flying away while she could.

The dragon ranked higher on Outcast Island than the slave.

Sarah took a walk through the loki tree forest.

And then she spotted a dragon.

It was black and looked like a night fury, except it had grey spikes on its back. On the joint in the wing there were spikes. The head was longer and narrower, and it had long, thick, and sharp grey horns instead of ear flaps. The wings looked lighter than that of a night fury, and it looked built for speed. Running along the muscles from the dragon's spike to its shoulders was a grey stripe, and it continued up along its neck and under the horns, getting smaller until all it touched was the corners of the dragon's mouth.

A memory flashed in her mind of this dragon. It was looking at her andâ€¦ smiling?

Then the dragon's head whipped towards her.

It gave a roar and bounded towards her.

Sarah whipped her shield from her back and sprang forwards, taking bolas from her belt and throwing them hard.

They wrapped around the dragon's muzzle, closing it, and its wings and legs. It shrieked in shock and hit the ground. It looked at her in betrayal.

She didn't know this beast. So how could she be betraying it?

"Well, dragon, looks like Alvin's getting a new pet." Sarah made sure to tie the dragon extra tight and then raced back to the guards.

They spotted her and scowled. "What is it?"

"I have a replacement for the nadder that escaped earlier. I need help dragging it back."

She lead them to the spot and they gaped. "Night Fury?"

"No, the one the slave rode looked different."

They thought for a bit and nodded.

They grabbed either side of the screaming dragon and dragged it towards the arena. Sarah followed them, grinning.

Alvin was shouting orders when they arrived, and paused. "What is this?" He asked.

"I found it in the forest." Sarah said, "Idiot creature left itself completely defenseless. All it took was a few bolas."

He grinned and nodded. "Good job, miss!" He glanced at her for a name. "Sarah." She replied.

He nodded. "Good. Take it to the nadder's old pen!" He called.

The dragon wailed like a mixture between a night fury's roar and something else. It sounded deeper in pitch, but it was obvious that this dragon was female.

Sarah turned and strode away, hiding in the shadows as she usually did.

Then she shuddered.

That dragon popped up in her memory again.

Out of sight of everyone, she collapsed.

In her memory, she saw herself racing through a forest of ice and stone, leaping off them with an agility she didn't know she possessed.

A black dragon flew above her, and glanced downwards. It curved midflight, and headed towards her. Sarah's feet met the side of a spike of stone and she shoved with her legs, leaping off the side, doing a front flip, and landing in a crouch on top of a pillar, and she stood.

The dragon landed, regarding her curiously.

"Hello dragon!"

Sarah then realized how young the voice was. She could only be about nine.

The dragon was that much younger too. It warbled and sniffed her in a deep yet feminine tone, and then purred and extended its nose. With a giggle, her hand met the dragon's nose.

Memories whipped through her head from that moment on. However everywhere she wasn't with her dragon, she couldn't remember.

The dragon was Starspinner, a Star Wraith, an energy class dragon. Energy class was new.

Starspinner was her best friend, her sister.

Sarah's name was really Huntress.

Her mother's name was Valka. Her dragon was cloudjumper, a Stormcutter.

The symbol was on her mother's headband, which she had worn on occasion.

They lived in the alpha's nest.

She helped dragons, not hurt them.

The memories of her outcast life were fake, implanted.

She remembered being captured. She'd been fighting a slave caravan as she and Starspinner were headed to Star's old home. They'd been separated.

Huntress had become stranded on Outcast Island. She'd been fishing with a terrible terror.

And then they'd caught her.

She'd been in Hiccup's position for a year, and then she'd almost killed herself. Then her mind was wiped and she had new memories given to her.

Alvin the Treacherous had done it. She knew with a certainty that he wasn't human.

When she opened her eyes, Sarah the Outcast was gone.

Huntress the Dragon Rider, best friend of Starspinner the Star Wraith, was back.

4. Freedom and Wrath

****Chapter 4****

****I bet you didn't expect that, now did you? Valka, Cloudjumperâ€|
Hmm, are they familiar to you at all? I bet they are! ****

****This is what we call dramatic irony. We know the future of these
characters, but they don't know it themselves. ****

****Got to love it.****

Sarah had been a girl who listened to the Outcasts with no questions.

Huntress was a girl who didn't even listen to her own mother at times. She was a rebellious free spirit.

She leapt into the arena, in armor she was more comfortable with.

It was grey stained leather, a dark grey, but still grey. It was a leather jacket that fastened closed over a black shirt, a hood with holes in it.

She wore a grey visor as well, and there were two horns fashioned to look like Starspinner's sticking through it. She didn't go with the tradition of wearing a skirt, she wore grey leather pants and grey boots (also leather) that went up to just below her knees.

She'd found the armor stashed away right where she'd left it before she'd been captured. She also found several explosive devices, a sword made of gronkle iron, a bow also made of gronkle iron, and several throwing knives of the same material.

She opened Starspinner's cage.

The dragon looked up at her warily.

"I am so sorry." She said to her, kneeling before the now free dragon. "I wasn't in my right mind. Please forgive me."

The dragoness touched her nose to the girl's shoulder, and the two rose.

They exited the ring. "Head to the dragon pens and release as many as you can. Make sure you free Toothless, he's here."

She nodded, and gave her a questioning look.

"I'm going to free the dragon riders."

Starspinner nodded. She raised a paw and Huntress placed her palm to it, and they parted.

Huntress merged with the shadows like a natural, and then entered the prisons.

Her first stop was to where Hiccup was still being tortured.

She leapt into the room, forgoing stealth. They jumped, but they never got the chance to yell. They were all unconscious or dead as soon as Huntress sprung in.

She freed Hiccup.

"Who are you?" He asked her in a hoarse voice. He looked terrible.

"My name is Huntress." She replied without hesitation. She lifted him gently, seeing as he was unable to walk at the moment.

"Why are you helping me?"

"Any friend of Toothless is a friend of mine." Sarah quipped.

"You know Toothless?" He asked.

"Yup." She replied, then staggered , grunting. "You're heavier than you look!" She squeaked.

"Huh?"

"I'm a runt, and I'm twelve. Just go with it." She said.

She picked up on the fact that he was embarrassed to be saved by a twelve year old.

She passed the load off to annoying buff guy when they freed him. Huntress grinned and shot forwards, unburdened, fast enough that she ran along the wall for a good five paces. She freed the idiot twins and the plump ones, the last prisoners.

Then she waited for them to catch up and lead them out of the building.

The dragons were all flying free.

Well, almost all of them.

A Night Fury bounded over. He warbled at his rider in concern, then he spotted Huntress and gaped.

He bounded around her in an overexcited puppy dog way, yapping and sniffing her and licking her.

"Oh, calm down you overprotective lizard! Yeah, good to see you again too, but your friend is hurt. Wait!" She spotted his tail. "Whoa! ah never mind."

He bounded over to his rider and helped Hiccup onto his back. A gronkle, an Nightmare, and a zippleback landed.

Then the outcasts charged.

Before any of the Vikings or dragons could react, rotating green jets of light appeared in the night sky, and then between them a laser-like blast of green light was fired, and the outcasts it hit were fried.

Starspinner landed, stripes and wing-spikes still glowing, maw parted, head tilted back, to give a terrifying, primal, guttural roar.

The outcasts had never been seen running faster, before or since.

She closed her mouth and growled, lashing her sharp edged finned tail.

"What is that?" Fishlegs squeaked.

"This is Starspinner. I'll tell you more later."

Huntress leapt onto her dragon's back, and the takeoff was much faster than Toothless's.

They flew into the hoard of dragons.

"Wait, where are you going?" A voice called.

Hiccup.

"Home!" She replied.

And then She was promptly stopped by an arrow hitting her in the shoulder as they turned.

She scream.

More arrows are fired as she laid on Starspinner's back. The dragon roared and hissed, not having enough of a charge to blast the archers and not being able to risk Huntress falling off by doing her aerial spin to charge the blast.

Another arrow hit Huntress, this one on the other arm. Starspinner roared and flew after the dragon riders.

Her friend needed help that a dragon couldn't give.

So Starspinner flew after the retreating teens, catching up to them in moments, then pulled ahead, meeting Toothless.

"_GGGRRRAAAAAAH!" _The dragoness roared.

The others jumped, and then they spotted her rider. Starspinner reached back, plucked Huntress gently from her back, and placed her on Toothless.

Then she growled and circled back, hissing. She descended, beginning to spin through the air. Her wing spikes sparked and the oil on her grey stripe ignited into green flames.

She opened her mouth and felt the energy being conducted into it. The energy rocketed from her mouth in a beam of green energy, destroying everything it touched. She spiraled into the air and went down for another pass.

Above her, the dragons and riders gaped.

"Okay, so she's not a Night Fury. Definitely not a Night Fury." Fishlegs squeaked.

"How does this girl stay _on _that thing when it does that?" Asked Snotlout, astonished.

"Come on! We need to get to Berk!" Hiccup called, holding the girl.

She certainly looked like a twelve year old now. Before he could have easily called her a fifteen year old.

He never thought to take a good look at her face. If he had, he'd have dropped her into the ocean.

Starspinner leveled out beneath them, all of her scales glowing green faintly, her wing stripes lighted up brighter.

She flew slow to follow them.

Then a Nadder, a Thunderdrum, and a Hotburple came into view.

Starspinner's glow had died by then, and she was flying frantic circles around Toothless, demanding her rider back, hissing and snapping her jaws.

She was moving so fast she blurred.

Then she spotted the man on the Thunderdrum and inhaled sharply.

Him.

She remembered him. He wouldn't know her, though.

She screeched and plunged, grabbing for Huntress.

Toothless dodged and blasted at her. The Star Wraith screeched and twisted in midair, creating a small energy charge and blasting at him with it.

The Night Fury dodged, in the process losing Huntress.

Starspinner caught her rider gently in her claws and accelerated, heading away.

Teeth fastened on her tail, and she let out a howl at the same time the Nightmare did, a piece of its tongue and parts of its teeth falling from its mouth, as blood dripped from its jaws.

But with her tailfin torn, the Star Wraith began to fall from the night sky.

She was caught by the base of her wings by the nadder.

She gave a hissing shriek and bit at the nadder's legs, thrashing about.

Then she saw an opportunity.

She twisted, then lashed herself like a whip, her unwounded tailfin slashing into the Nadder's side.

The nadder howled in pain, but held tight. The Star wraith thrashed again, further opening the wound, and causing one on the other side as well. She twisted and bit the nadder's leg hard with her razor sharp teeth, and when that didn't work, she stabbed her in the leg with her horns.

The nadder let go, howling in pain.

Starspinner wasn't getting away, though. The Nightmare grabbed her by the tail, folding her tailfin together and making her safe to grab.

They dragged her all the way back to Berk.

5. Computer Problems

****I won't be able to update for a while because either my computer is finally kicking the bucket or that's just my charger.****

****Until I can update again, you'll have to be patient. I'm sorry, people!****

****Girl of Twilight Wings****

End
file.